

*G. Burritt*

# P O E T R Y,

BY CAMISIS.

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Ambition *This* shall tempt to rise;  
Then whirl the Wretch from high.

GRAY.

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L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

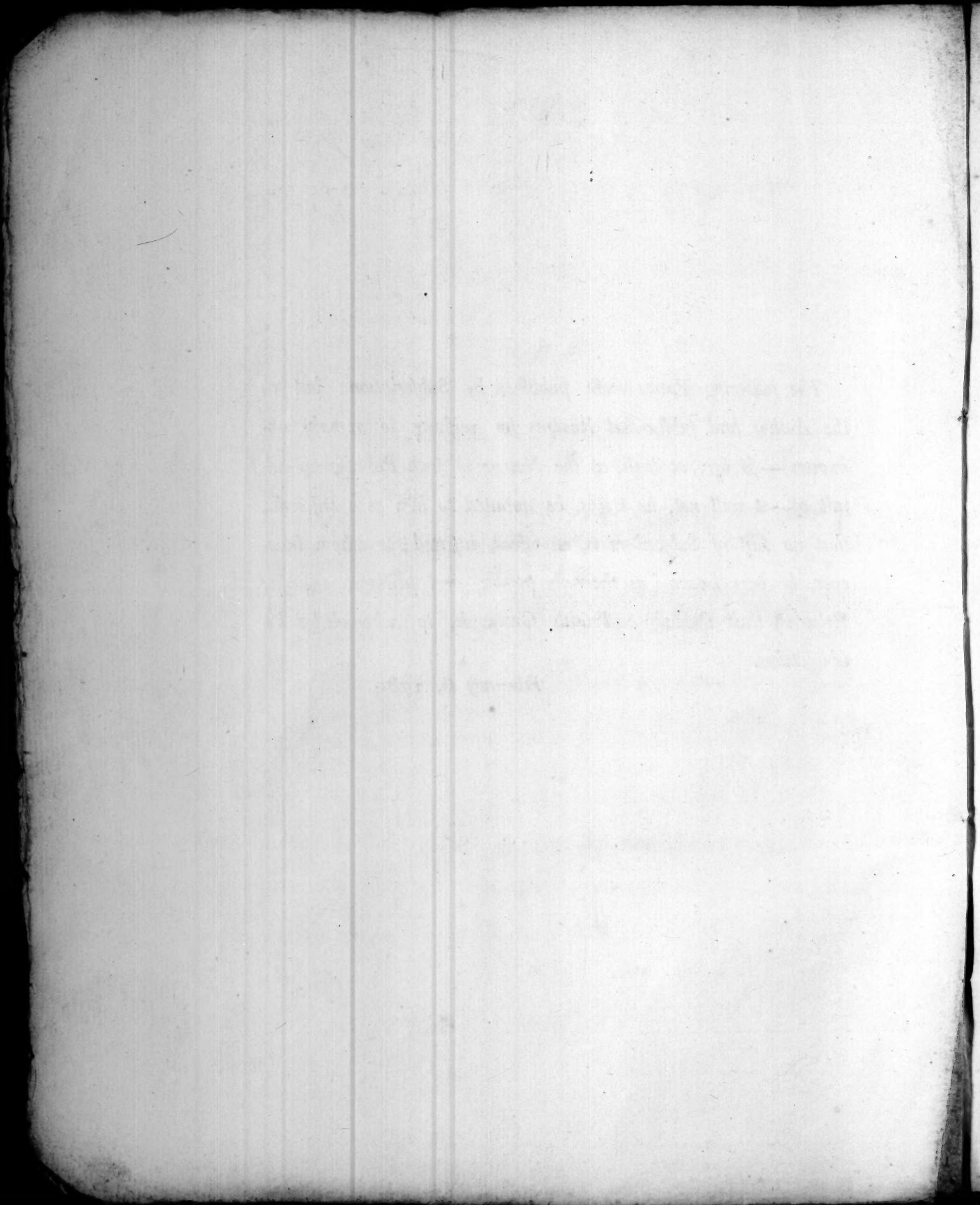
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ever, he begs Leave (as the only possible, and perhaps, requisite  
Return) thus Publicly and with Gratitude, to acknowledge his  
Obligations.*

February 6, 1789.



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## I N V O C A T I O N

T Q

## M A D N E S S.

FAR from my Sight ye Syren Train  
That lull the Soul to sweet Repose ;  
Tis not for *Me* the Zephyr blows !  
Tis not for *Me* Elysiums bloom !  
To this *cold* Breast—a Breast that feels  
The Anguish which it ne'er reveals—  
To this *cold* Breast all Comfort's vain,  
Save that which glows beyond the Tomb.  
Can Friendship from my *stubborn* Heart  
One Pang Extract, expel one Sigh ;  
Can tenderest Love one Hope impart,  
Or draw one Tear adown mine Eye.

No

( 4 )

No—neither Pang, nor Sigh, nor Tear  
( With me Life's Tragic Farce is o'er ! )  
Shall *shame* this Bosom with a Care,  
I have felt once—I'll feel no more.

OH THOU ! whose potent Rage can bind  
In torpid Chains the sensate Mind !  
Whose wildly-penetrating Glance  
Can Apathy itself entrance !  
MADNESS—I call thee from thy morbid Cell  
Where thou delight'st to dwell,  
Listening the fancied Sounds of hostile Feet  
Invading thy Retreat ;  
Or if, more pleased, along the lonely Heath,  
Whilst livid Lightenings thro' the Gloom of Night  
Flash horribly—an awful Sight !  
Thou frantic wanderest in *Pursuit of Death*—  
Leave for awhile those Scenes of Woe,  
Awhile attend a Suppliant's Prayer,  
And back retrace the flinty Road  
That points out thy Abode,

There

**There Go—**

And *Lyssa*! thou shalt find—yes, thou shalt find Me there.

Ha! what are these! the Victims of Despair!  
*Nature's sad Wreck!* ye touch indeed my Soul!  
 Lo how they frightful rend their Hair!  
 Lo how their threatening Eye-balls roll!  
 And now the Flesh from off their Bones they tear,  
 Now Heaven itself blaspheme—now melt in fervent Prayer!  
 Say ye strange Forms that burst thus on my Sight,  
 Are ye the fleeting Shadows of a Dream?  
 Or are ye really what ye seem,  
 Ghastly Visions of the Night!  
 If such ye be avaunt!—Ah no!  
 For from your pale Lips trembling flow  
 Sounds which arrest the listening Ear  
 And stiffen every joint with Fear.  
 “We are no Visions of the Night,  
 “Nor dost thou wondering Mortal dream,  
 “For we are really what we seem.  
 “Deep-pen’t within this hollow Cave,

“What

" What Time infernal Darkness walks the Earth  
 "( To us forbid the Day's pure Light )  
 " Compel'd we rise to *second Birth* ;  
 " Some to weep, and some to rave.  
 " Some the galling Chain to wear.  
 " Some to shed the burning Tear.  
 " Some to lament a Lover lost.  
 " And some—most piteous those—a *first Affection cross'd.*"

OH THOU ! supreme of Earth and Skies !  
 Whose devious Orb of Thought to Scan  
 Is far beyond the Power of Man ;  
 Oh say from whence those *cruel Transports* rise !  
 Say from what Source that *Something* flows  
 Which thus commixing Joys and Woes,  
 Instills into the *maniac Breast*  
 The *eternal Pang of Læthean Rest*.  
 For trust me, tis a fearful Sight  
 To see discordant Passions thus unite !  
 Pleasure and Pain alternate reign,  
 And each by Turns possess the maddening Brain.

Quick

Quick from m'averted View begone!  
 Or thou will glare my very Soul to Stone!  
 Yet come! ah come! in milder Garb arrayed,  
 Such as—when at Death's pale Behest  
 The Lover of some hapless Maid  
 'Mid fondest Wishes sinks to Rest—  
 Such as befits the widdow'd Mate to wear;  
 Who pensive o'er the moon-light Plains  
 What time the *Evening Silence* reigns,  
 Wanders forsaken, dropping many a Tear  
 For Him—the chosen of her Heart!  
 Oh then! in bitterest Agony of Thought,  
 Of *visionary* Love she feels the Smart,  
 And the *surrounding World* to her forlorn! is Naught!

Yes—in this sacred Garb arrayd  
 Come, and I'll clasp thee to my Heart.  
 In thy *calm* Sufferings bear my Part,  
 Till Life and all its Vanities shall fade!  
 Thy devious Steps my devious Steps shall trace,  
 Thy troubled Soul my troubled Soul embrace;

C

For

For ah! to *Me*, nor yet has *Peace*  
 Dispens'd a Moment's inward *Ease*!  
 Nor yet has flown to my *Relief*  
 The Tear that *drinks up every Grief*!  
 But stamp'd by Nature with a *Mind*  
 To *selfish Sorrow* all *resign'd*,  
 And scarcely daring to *repose*  
 Ev'n in *ELIZA's Breast* my *Woes*,  
 Though well that *Breast* has learnt to join  
 Its *foster Sympathy* with *mine*—  
 I Cannot play the *weeping Man*,  
 And truly pity those who can.  
 Come then and clad in *Charms* like these  
*MADNESS!* thou shalt for ever please.

### ODE to INDIFFERENCE.

**I**NDIFFERENCE hence! I loathe thy listless Reign;  
 I loathe that *torpid Power* which lulls thy Soul;

Thy

Thy boasted *Freedom from all Pain*,  
 My manlier Mind shall ne'er control :  
 Ne'er shall the *Shame of feeling for Distress*,  
 Thy brutal Charms enhance or make my Transports less.

Rather let lightest Griefs dissolve,  
 And deepest Tears for ever flow ;  
 For ever other's Ills involve,  
 Than lost this Heart to sympathetic Woe !  
 What though no Cries thy Pity move,  
 No agonizing Shrieks thy selfish Love ;  
 What though Misfortunes not appal,  
 And orphan Wretches vainly call ;  
 Yet say—are these the *weighty Joys*  
 Thy lifeless Votaries so much prize ?  
 Are these—ure Emblem's of a Giant Vice,  
 The alien Comforts that entice ?  
 Delusive Thought ! such Bliss be thine ;  
 To *read* the Soul and *feel* are mine.

Sparkles the Tear in Virtue's Eye,

My

My Bosom heaves the honest Sigh ;  
 Meets my shockd Sight the vagrant Child,  
 My every softer Sense grows wild :  
 The Change I hail—I aid the Start,  
 And stamp his Image on my bleeding Heart.

Not so thy lost lethargic Mind ;  
 To all—ev'n to *thyself* unkind.  
 For know, to such of Human Race  
 As SENSIBILITY embrace,  
 Though hardest Woes more hard appear,  
 Severest Sorrows more severe,  
 Reverse the Scene, we quickly find  
 The kindest Comforts yet more kind,  
 The happiest Hour more happy still,  
 More warm, the tenderest, warmest Will.  
 Hence then, INDIFFERENCE ! hence ! nor dare to stay ;  
 Thy *torpid* Power I loathe — I loathe thy listless Sway.

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## ODE to TIME.

WHERE are the Shouts that on the Warrior's Ear  
 Pour'd erst the loud, congenial Strain !  
 Their fond Applause, Alas ! how vain !  
 How vain the boasting Conqueror's Care !  
 Thy Hand O TIME ! full soon shall lay them low !  
 Soon to thy *mouldering* Power, the WORLD ITSELF shall bow !

Lo ! where proud Fame, her crimson'd Streamers rearing  
 In many a glittering Rank, exulting rides !  
 Delusive Pomp ! with *slow, sure* Step repairing,  
 Thy hoar Form 'twart the Pageant grimly glides,  
 As thro' th' unthinking Host in wild Surprize  
 Blown from thy blasting Lip, the *withering* Mildew drives.

E'er formed this *wonderous* Universe  
 By Means, more *strange*, more *wonderous* still,  
 Ev'r wisest Providence gave birth

D

To

To *Fate*,\* or freed the Human Will ;  
 Thy fix'd, thy steadier Influence sway'd !  
 And embryo Worlds thy Power obey'd !  
 Midst Chaos Realms thou rul'd'st alone,  
 Majestic on thy 'eternal Throne.  
 Till, starting forth at His Command  
 Whose Boundless Potence all things made,  
 Arch'd oe'r the Depths appear'd the Land,†  
 And *Thou*, ev'n *Thou* ! his ordering Nod obey'd.

### ODE to ECHO.

**S**WEET Echo ! sportive Nymph, that dwell'st unseen  
 Within thy Sound-encircled Cave,‡  
 Or fleeting oe'r the moon-light Green,  
 Or where the baffled Billows lave  
 Some lonely Time-disparted Tower ;  
 Oft at Evening's *pensive* Hour

With

\* That there is a Fate *under the Guidance* and not *independant of Providence*, is what the Author would be understood to affirm.

† Alluding to the *Antediluvian* Form of the World. See Burnet's Theory.

‡ Milton.

With loitering Step I muse along,  
 Charm'd by thy many-warbling Song,  
 Whilst Silence oe'r the flumbersome Gale  
 Fearfully spreads her gof'smer Veil.  
 Now pleas'd I mark thy softening Voice  
 Mimic the ruder Torrent's Noise ;  
 Listening 'mid the stilly Scene  
 By yond' Willow-waving Grove,  
 Oft the trembling Shades between  
 In Fancie's Eye I see thee rove  
 "Over the Hills and far away"  
 Where the dapper Elves do play,  
 Sounding sweet thy silver Shell,  
 Till near some Hermit's Moss-grown Cell  
 ( While thro' the Mazes of the Wood  
 Thousand responsive Notes on every side are heard. )  
 Thou rests at length thy devious Flight,  
 Smiling on the frowning Night,\*  
 Who, jealous of her drowsy Sway  
 Shuns th' merry Harbinger of Day,

And

And seeks, tho' sadly loath to go  
Compell'd, the Stygian Realms below.

## ODE to COMPASSION.

**H**OW great the Woes of Human Kind!

The various Pangs of Life how keen!

Since tis the Lot of none to find

That placid Path where Cares 'not intervene,

Why spight of Reason's, Nature's, Voice

Should foolish Pride our Bosoms steel!

Why not in others Joys rejoice!

For others Miseries why not feel!

Or why should Custom thus Control,

And freeze each warm Emotion of the Soul.

**O PRIDE!** thou aggregate of every Vice,

Of sweet Society thou bitterest Pest,

How do thy haughty Charms entice!

How swell with Vanity the ideot Breast.

Thy

Thy *supercilious Glance* can boast  
 A Power to *chill* the *feeling Mind* ;  
 Demonic Art ! how poor, how lost !  
 The Wretch who knows not to be Kind,  
 Who knows not that a *Fellow-Creature's Woe*,  
 Was fix'd by Heaven the Source whence Rapture's pure  
 Streams flow.

Doom'd by the Dictates of a Fate severe,  
 Lo ! where the wretched Mother's asking Eye,  
 Moist with the Dew of many a nightly Tear,  
 Implores that Boon, Worth knows not to deny.  
 In frantic Grief and wild Despair,  
 And torturing Agony of Mind,  
 She rends with Groans the melting Air  
 And raving calls on those behind,  
 Calls on the *Powers above*, the *Brutes below*,  
 Her fond Request to hear and mitigate her Woe.

Her Prayers are heard—soft Hopes arise,  
 Mix'd with the softer Doubts of glad Surprise;

Those Doubts remov'd, her Fears decay,  
 And Grief's pale Spectres glide away,  
 O'er the drear Heath where Sorrow roam'd before,  
 Joy trips with frolic Step, and Sighs are heard no more.

'Twas thus COMPASSION—Nymph divine!  
 Whose tenderer Soul will genial Souls refine,  
 In bold tho' humblest Garb array'd  
 With best Intentions nobly good,  
 The Thought that fir'd her Breast obey'd  
 And firmly stem'd *cold Custom's* Flood;  
 Stem'd the rude Torrent of unfeeling Pride,  
 Swoln with *Corruption's Showers* and *Interest's rapid Tide*.

SIMPSON!\* thy bless'd, thy generous Name  
 Shall stand recorded in the Lists of Fame,  
 A Monument to future Days  
 Of Pity's *Power* and Virtue's *Praise*!  
 Thy kind Benevolence to teach

Re-

\* Mr. Simpson of Norwich whose humane Conduct in his *particular Situation* merits every Applause  
 the Sons of *genuine Compassion* have to bestow.

Remembrance oft the Deed shall tell,  
 Till hap'ly *Vice herself* may wish to reach  
 Those glorious Heights from which she giddy fell,  
 And find, reflecting on thy happier State,  
 That to be *truly Good* Man needs not to be *Great*.

## ODE to DARKNESS.

**D**AUGHTER of Styx, whose ebon Wand  
 Can call forth airy Shapes from Nought ;  
 Oh thou ! whose death-designing Band  
 ( By Fancy's groundless Terrors wrought )  
 Prowl nightly o'er the blasted Heath,  
 Or faintly glide <sup>along</sup> some lonely Path !  
 Hail ! Goddess o' th' Tartarian Shade !  
 Whether in smiling Garb array'd  
 Thou com'st, as when 'neath Love's soft Bower  
 Thy Influence hastens the ecstatic Hour ;  
 Or clad in stole of fabler Hue,

O'er-

O'erlaid with Leaf of baleful Yew ;  
 Ever welcome to my Sight  
 Parent of imperial Night !  
 Thou wast e'er Nature's self began ;  
 E'er form'd that self-sufficient Thing call'd *Man*,  
 Thy Stygian belt engirted All,  
 And wrapt in chaos gloom this earthly Ball :  
 Till He—the *wonderful unknown*,  
 From out his awe-compelling Throne,  
 Where thousand Glories round him shine,  
 Bad myriad Atoms so combine  
 And act upon the Orbs of Sight,  
 As to produce all-clearing Light.  
 'Twas then thy Influence 'gan to fade,  
 As thro' each deep embow'ring Shade  
 The quick Effluvia darting wide,  
 O'erwhelm'd thee with its lucid Tide,  
 Explor'd thy Realms, thy secret Caves explor'd,  
 And thro' the void immense on dazzling wing high soar'd.

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## ODE to SILENCE

O THOU! whose Spirit breathes in each lone Vale,  
 As gently o'er the quivering Gale  
 Thy stilly Influence hovering binds  
 In magic Chain the whistling Winds ;  
 Soft SILENCE, hail ! I love thy genial Sway ;  
 I love the calmer Transports of thy Reign,  
 That gives to Sleep the busy Day,  
 To rest, the care-worn Wanderers of the Plain.  
 Lo ! on yond' Mountain's murky Brow,  
 Round whose huge Base the impetuous Waves oft' pour,  
 Thy *solemn Syler* bids the Welkin glow,  
 And purple Fires re-lume the midnight Hour.  
 The darksome Umbrage of the Wood  
 Views her pale Image in the Flood.  
 Every rustling Leaf is still.  
 Hush'd each distant-murmering Rill.

F

Now

Now the Elfin Train are seen.  
 Lightly tripping o'er the Green  
 Sprites and Faries dance along,  
 To the thought-revolving Song ;  
 'Till the Moon's declining Ray  
 Trembling points the break of Day :  
 Then, ah then ! thy Influence dies,  
 As through the azure Fields of Air  
 Thousand jocund Notes arise,  
 Sweetly warbling far and near :  
 Whilst in one jovial, full, concordant Strain  
 Sounds the shrill-echoing Horn, enlivening all the Plain.

## O D E.

HARK to the Battle's martial Sound !  
 His blood-stain'd Weapon wielding round  
 ( Whilst Shrieks, and Groans, and dying Cries  
 Dreadful on every Side arise, )

Grim-

Grim-visag'd MARS his fiery Carr  
Drives furious—thundering on in all the blaze of War.  
Hell-like Horror's curst Control,  
( Her rapid Chariot clattering o'er the Field )  
Forbids the trembling Wretch to yield,  
And arms with desperate Rage, his almost frantic Soul.  
Sadly sounds the shivering Spear.  
Brazen Helmets rudely ring.  
Vengeance 'mid the murky Air,  
Delighted flits on flaming Wing.  
Now expands the doubtful Strife.  
Now the Conquer'd fight for Life.  
Along the far-resounding Shore,  
The carnag'd Cannon hoarsly roar.  
Now the closing Conflicts bray.  
Now Confusion bears the Sway.  
Pierc'd by many a ghastly Wound  
Anguish, wreathing bites the Ground.  
Whilst Slaughter with his fated Train  
Stalking o'er the Corpse-strew'd Plain,

And

Surveys with Dœmon Joy the Deed,  
 And smiles to see his Victims bleed ;  
 Smiles to behold, along the reaking Heath  
 In many a gore-heap pil'd, the Votaries pale of Death.

## ODE to the RIVER ARUN.

**S**TREAM of the Nine ! whose hallowed Shore  
 Around, thy frantic Billows pour,  
 Lamenting as they roll ;  
**O** thou ! whose listening Banks along  
 Warbled at Eve th' ecstatic Song  
 That charm'd the melting Soul ;

By thy lov'd Bard—the boast of Fame !  
 By OTWAY's sad-remember'd Name,  
 Whose Memory e'er shall live ;  
 By all the Woes his Pencil feign'd,  
 By all the Pangs his Breast sustain'd,  
 My simplest Gift receive.

Ev'n

Ev'n now, methinks, by Fancy fir'd,  
 I view, in sedgy Garb attir'd,  
 ARUNA pensive rove !  
 Her nereid Train she calls around,  
 Surrounding Echos catch the Sound,  
 And rend the bordering Grove.

Well may'st thou weep, well may'st thou mourn,  
 Thy Son and Sorrow's ever gone,  
 Well may'st thou vex the Skies ;  
 For ah ! on thy deserted Shore,  
 Like *his* shall never Genius more  
 To bless thy Hopes arise :

No more amid thy smiling Dales  
 Such Notes be heard, amid thy Vales  
 No more such Music breathe ;  
 But cheerless *loitering*\* o'er thy Plain,  
 The *buskind* Muse shall ask in vain,  
 And tear her Cypress Wreath.

G

ODE

\* Yes — loitering ; for while a HAYLEY remains she cannot leave it.

## O D E.

**H**ARK! along the sounding Shore  
 The wild Waves dashing, dreadful roar ;  
**L**o ! on the Vessel's cloud-capt Mast  
 Th' affrighted Sailor clinging fast  
 Implores for Aid—in vain ! Death's icy Dart  
 Points to the foaming Tide below,  
 Aghast he views the Vale of Woe,  
 Whilst direful Shrieks appal and rend his languid Heart.

Loud the bellowing Thunders roll ;  
 Perch'd on the forked Chariots of the Sky  
 Horror flies from Pole to Pole !  
 Now 'neath the shivering Victims haggard Eye  
 Gleams in red Lightnings 'thwart the gloomy Wave ;  
 Now gilds the glaring Grave.  
 Struck by the Sight, his feeble Form  
 About to sink beneath the Storm

The

Strives to seize—but strives in vain !  
 The floating Raft—he strives again !  
 Vain his Efforts ! vain his Cries !  
 Once more he strives, and striving Dies !  
 Above, below, his mangled Corpse is driv'n  
 His happier Soul releas'd, her calm Flight wings to Heav'n.

Lo ! on yon Rock whose Giant Form  
 Braves the Fury of the Storm,  
 Soft Hope, in tear-dew'd Vest array'd,  
 Reclining, weeps her useless Power !  
 'Mid the dun Havock seems to fade  
 As round her Throne the thick Clouds lower.  
 Faint and more faint her Rays appear,  
 Dim'd by the Breath of black Despair !  
 Whilst fell Destruction's iron Eye  
 Unmov'd surveys the sinking Bark,  
 Her massive Arm, prone to destroy,  
 Still pours its full Stores thro' the Dark.  
 Still on the Tempest's Wing upborn,  
 Led by her care-confounding Crew,

In dreadful Pomp she fails sublime,  
 And chills th' expiring View :  
 Whilst on you tottering Tower sets hoary Time,  
 And marks the Demon as she flies,  
 And doubts his ancient Sway,  
 As swift approaching to the Realms of Day  
 Stern Chaos, frowning, threats his Fate ;  
 While from their fix'd Foundations thundering torn  
 The huge heav'd Mountains crash, and mock the angry Skies.

## ODE to DEATH.

“ **D**EATH ! great Proprietor of All ! ”  
 At whose resistless Call,  
 The *High*, the *Low*, the *Rich*, the *Poor*  
*Dive* to Repose, and rise no more ;  
**O**H **D**EATH ! thou Tyrant of the fearful Heart !  
**O**H **D**EATH ! thy keenest, surest Dart,  
 My woe-worn Soul, depriv'd of Ease  
 And each *delusive* Wish to please,

Firmly

Firmly, though not presumptuously defies,  
 For what can cure the *Mind diseas'd*,  
 Save from Life's Cares to be releas'd,  
 Its Cares, and *tasteless Joys*.

Thou dreadful Guide to Worlds unknown  
 From whose *uncertain Bourn*  
 None ever yet return'd again ;  
 By thy benignant Influence,  
 ( Bless'd be the Hand that points my Journey's End ! )  
 When I am freed from this *dull Mortal Sense*,  
 And nothing of my present Form retain ;  
 Say—may not then *Imagination* send  
 Her *Powers creative* forth, and find  
 That *Something* which compounds the *Mind* ?  
 That *Something* Nothing can reveal,  
 By which we *think*—by which we *feel* ?

Nor Fire, nor Sea, nor Earth, nor Skies  
 Shall *then th' immortal Soul confine* ;  
 Above *all* Barriers shall she rise,

H

And

And mix her *Human* with *Divine*.  
 The viewless Winds shall then appear,  
 And fleeting Forms dispers'd around,  
 And microscopic Atom clear,  
 And heard distinctly every Sound.  
 Then shall—so *perfect* each *new Sense*—  
 The Clouds, which now but *Doubts* dispense,  
 Remove, and all Obstructions fly  
 Before the *pure* Mind's *Eagle Eye*,  
 Which in one Lightening Glance shall view  
 The *Present*, *Past*, and *Future* too.

But DEATH! what art thou? whence? who sent thee forth?

That *Power supreme* which form'd the Earth  
*He* sent thee forth—and why, ah! why  
 Was hapless Man thus doom'd to die!  
 Thus doom'd t'incorporate with Dust,  
 From whence he strangely rose *at first*?  
 Sure that he might *hereafter rise*,  
 And wing his Spirit through the Skies!

Sure

Sure that he might hereafter know  
 The *Seraphim's* ecstatic Glow ;  
 And join the bright *Angelic Choir*  
 And touch with them the *Sacred Lyre*  
**AND LIVE FOR EVER—————**

Yet say—the loos'd Soul, doth it flee  
 To *instant* Bliss or Misery ?  
 Or rests it—till the yawning Tomb,  
 At the *last* Trump's tremendous Sound,  
 Flings from the hollow of her Womb  
 The *pale* Inhabitants around—  
 Rests it beneath the *dark* Decree  
 Of dread *In sensibility* ?  
 Or anxious wandering by the **Cave**  
 Which Styx *infernal* Waters lave,  
 ( Where Troops of fabled Ghosts are seen  
 Gliding along the dismal Green ; )  
 Waits it—the all-commanding Nod ?  
 Waits it—**THE FIAT OF ITS GOD** ?

Whether

Whether the Soul Hereafter flee  
 To instant Bliss or Misery ;  
 Whether it wander all alone  
 'Till Nature's *Universal Groan* ;  
 Or—for awhile forbid to be—  
 Sleeps in *In sensibility* ;  
 To us is Nothing—WE MUST DIE,  
 And dying, MUST HEREAFTER RISE ;  
 Some—to ETERNAL MISERY,  
 And some—to EVERLASTING JOYS.

## ODE to BEAUTY.

**H**AIL BEAUTY! mighty Empress hail !  
 Whether thou haunt'st the rural Vale,  
 The glittering Dome, or humbler Bower,  
 Alike unconquer'd shines thy Power !  
 Led by thy sweetly-beaming Ray,  
 Thro' distant Climes our Footsteps stray ;

For

For *thee*, we brave the Ocean's Roar,  
 And Worlds unknown, for *thee* explore;  
 For *thee*, we heave the silent Sigh,  
 Languish for *thee*, and for *thee* die;  
 Such are thy Charms, thy fond Allurements such,  
 Th' enticing Chain we hug, nor deem the Slavery much,

Lo! what sudden Conflicts roll!  
 Passions fwell the labouring Soul!  
*Doubting Joy* the Bosom tears,  
 Now it hopes and now despairs!  
 Reason trembling flies her Throne,  
 Resigns the Fasces of her Sway,  
*Love* makes the field her own,  
 And we, before too much inclin'd, obey

Tis she (whose captivating Smiles impress'd  
 On ALBION's Nymphs resplendent shine)  
 Who thus pervades each amorous Breast,  
 While bending at the genial Shrine.  
 The *Graces* mingling in her Train

I

Their

Their roseat Wreaths prepare ;  
 Too late we feel th' enchanting Pain,  
 Too late attempt to shun the Snare.

In vain may *Prudence* disapprove,  
 How weak ! oppos'd to powerful *Love* ?  
 By *her*, the *pleasing Anguish* ne'er was tried ;  
 Ne'er could such Blandishments *her Soul* entice !  
 Or she had *Reason* thrown aside,  
 And Caution's *cold Advice*.  
 He *more or less* than *Man* had been,  
 Who *all unconscious* could admire ;  
 Could bear *untouch'd* to gaze Serene  
 Amid consuming Fire.  
 Ah no ! by *Nature* 'tis not giv'n  
 To *spurn* the choicest gift of *Heav'n* !  
 'Tis not we *may*—we *must* approve  
 This Fountain of *connubial Love*,  
 This Combination of all *mortal Joys*,  
 From whence ecstacic Sweets, and rapturous Pleasures rise.

## ODE to HOPE.

O H THOU! whose magic Power  
 Can every Bliss restore,  
 Which *Chance* or baleful *Destiny* oppose:  
 Who prone to ease Distress,  
 And all her Cries redrefs,  
 Com'st at Misfortune's call and cheer'st her Woes.

THOU, whose unbounded Store,  
 Like Seas without a Shore,  
 Along the Tide of Time increasing floats ;  
 And oft, with smiling Ray,  
 Illumes Life's *little Day* ;  
 O Nymyh belov'd ! accept my lisping Notes.

When, chill'd by Want's bleak Blast,  
 The Wanderer sinks aghast,

THOU

THOU bind'st his Wounds, and sooth'st his tortur'd Soul ;  
 Thy Star, divinely Bright !  
 Shines thro' the gloom of Night,  
 And darts its genial Fires from Pole to Pole.

Lo ! where with asking Eye,  
 The Child of Slavery  
 Unheeded bends beneath the tottering Load ;  
 His Lot no respite knows !  
 No Aid his friendless Woes !  
 Save *thine*—that strew'st with Flowers his thorny Road.

The trembling Seaman's Cries,  
 When threatening Storms arise,  
 By *thee* are heard—from *thee* soft Comforts flow ;  
 What though the rude Winds roar,  
 And thundering Billows pour,  
 Rise Mountains high, or furious foam below !

Still 'mid the maddening Scene  
 Thy Form benign is seen ;

Still

Still sweeps thy Pinions o'er th' inclement Waste ;  
 While in the lurid Air,  
 Thy whispering Voice they hear,  
 Calming the Chaos Mass to murmuring Rest.

But most thy Influence breathes,  
 Where *Love* her roseat Wreaths  
 In some sequesterd Vale delighted twines ;  
 There oft t'invoke thy Aid,  
 Shall steal the listening Maid,  
 There oft resort the Train of rustic Hinds.

Tho' fix'd, with vengeful Hand  
 Death's Crew terrific stand,  
 Though grisly-gleaming, thirsts th' insatiate Spear ;  
 Yet ev'n in that dread Hour  
 Thy Heaven-appointed Power,  
 Prepares the Soul, and *blasts* th' expiring Fear.

Friend of the *wounded* Heart !

Thy gentlest Charm impart,

K

Ah !

Ah! deign to heal this Grief-corroded Breast!  
 So shall—enhanc'd by Care,  
 Sweet *Peace* once more appear,  
 And all my Sorrows sink to endless Rest.

## O D E.

WHY Son of MORVAIN dost thou start?  
 Why clings this *sudden* Terror to thy Heart?  
 Alas! how do thy Eye-balls roll!  
 How wildly-frantic is thy Soul;  
 Despair seems deeply lowering on thy Brow,  
 While thousand hideous Forms in thy dark Fancy grow.

“ Hence! avaunt, thou Dæmon fell!  
 “ Plunge me not within that Hell,  
 “ From whose sulphury Yawn arise—  
 “ Torture’s *Shriek*, and Murder’s *Cries*.  
 “ Let me, let me own the Deed—  
 “ By *these* vile Hands did SWANSA bleed;  
 “ Her

" Her easy Faith I first betrayed,

" Then, miscreant like, to *Death*, consign'd the injur'd Maid."

Well may thy Soul its loath'd Abode  
 With every frightful Care corrode ;  
 Well may thy ghastly Eye-balls glow  
 With all the Fire of furious Woe ;  
 Wretch ! soon shall SWANSA's wandering Sprite  
 Seek thee in the depth of Night ;  
 Thine shall be the Cave of Dread,  
 Where Human Step shall never tread ;  
 Harpies shall thy Bosom tear ;  
 And the *Spirits of the Air*  
 O'er thy Dwelling hovering still,  
 With horrid Dreams thy Sleep shall fill.  
 Thou shalt live a Wight unblest,  
 Scorpions shall thy Paths infest ;  
 And thy *Children*, fated Race !  
 Shall their *Father's Woes* embrace ;  
*Thou* and *they* alike shall be  
 The Curse of all Posterity.

## ODE to CHATTERTON.

**W**ITH trembling Hand I strike the Lyre  
 That sounds, sweet Youth ! thy earliest Praise ;  
 Deign, *Martyr'd Genius !* to inspire  
 The generous Verse, which burns to raise  
 From faint Applause thy injur'd Fame,  
 And vindicate thy rashly-censur'd Name.

Ah ! may Imagination's glowing Fire,  
 Cease to pervade and warm my ardent Soul ;  
 May "Visions prompted by intense Desire"  
 To *me*, their thousand Beauties ne'er unrol ;  
 If—disregardful of thy mighty Song  
 Which, like the full Tide, bursts impetuous forth—  
 I do not every grateful Note prolong  
 That sounds, poor Boy ! thy erst despised Worth.

Oh !

Oh! ye are Men of Stone!—do ye not grieve?  
 Have, ye a Heart?—can ye not spare one Sigh?  
 Say—was it *just*, that He *in Want* should *live*?  
 Say—was it *kind* that *Friendless* he should *die*?  
 In *Him*—*immortal SHAKESPEAR* rose again!  
 And, had not curst *Neglect* subdued his Mind,  
 ( Neglect, which *feels* the Bosom ev'n *most kind*,  
 And saps with *slow* Depravity the Brain )  
*Immortal SHAKESPEAR* yet had been our Boast!  
 Nor had, as now, his *Muse of Fire* been lost.

OH CHATTERTON! accept the silent Tear,  
 'Thy many Claims demand—and ah! receive  
 This Tribute of Regard I gladly give;  
 Most small indeed, but trust me, most sincere;  
*Ye Men of Science!* whose unhallow'd Hands  
 Have long *with-held* the Wreath to *Genius* due!  
 Vast is the Recompence the MUSE demands  
 For *Truth*, and her own *Heav'n-born Babe*, of You!

Full on his Tomb the *Sun of Glory* darts  
 ( Hear it, ye *unbelieving!* and *look down!* )  
 The radiant Stream which every Hope imparts:  
 Whilst *Fame* prepares her *never-fading Crown*.

Ah! how in such a *wayward, waning Age*,  
 How could the *fine Perceptions* of thy Soul  
*All Noble* though they were— and giv'n t'engage  
 Each several Clas—ah! how could they unrol  
 Their *dazzling Lustre* to the Eye  
*Of flow Susceptibility!*  
 Or how thy *bold Thoughts* fire the *Mind*  
 To all the *Powers of Fancy blind!*  
 Which—nor the sweetly-warbled Lays  
 Of PETRARCH's Lyre, when to the Praise  
 Of LAURA and of LOVE he Sings,  
 “ And into *Music* works the Strings,”  
 Nor even MILTON's wonderous Theme,  
 Nor SHAKESPEAR's still sublimer Scene,  
 Could, potent tho' their Influence be,  
 Rouse from its *Calm Stupidity*.

No—thou wert born for other Times than *These*,  
For Times, when *Parts superior* please,  
When the Lip touch'd by *hallow'd Fire*,  
Mankind less *Envy* than *Admire*.  
  
Yet ah! poor luckless Youth! to *me*  
Most sacred shall thy Memory be!  
And oft, amid the *Evening Gloom*,  
My fondest Thoughts shall pensive rove;  
And sadly linger by thy Tomb,  
As loath to leave the Spot they love.  
  
Yes, CHATTERTON—*my Heart which feels*  
*Ev'n now*, the *Cares* that *canker'd thine*,  
This melancholly Truth reveals—  
Tho' not in *Gifts*—in *Griefs* we join.

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## A PASTORAL.

AH me! what an Anguish is mine!  
 What a Heart-rending Torture I feel!  
 Sweet Hope! at thy Smiles I repine,  
 And I doubt what I dare not reveal.  
 See the Roses they fade from my Cheek;  
 See the Lustre it glooms on my Eye:  
 I must find what I tremble to seek,  
 I must weep at her falsehood and die.

'Tis Distraction to love her in vain;  
 Would to Heaven I was freed from my Grief;  
 Yet methinks I could bear ev'n *this* Pain,  
 Than, *Indifference!* implore *thy* Relief.  
 True—I grant thou *can't* quiet my Breast;  
 Thou *can't* restore, I grant, my lost Peace:  
 Yet it is but the *Stupor* of Rest,  
 And I scorn such a wretched Release.

Yet

But why should I—why should I not?  
 She was *once* kind and constant, most sure;  
 Tho' her Constancy now is forgot,  
 And her Kindness remember'd no more.  
 Oh, Fool! thus to publish her Shame;  
 Oh, Fool! thus to bear with her Will;  
 If I *love* her—I'm surely to blame;  
 If I *flught* her—I'm more to blame still.

Fond Thoughts! *must* I bid you adieu?  
 Must I bid you a lasting Farewel?  
 Since ELIZA has thus prov'd untrue,  
 Calm Retirement! how welcome thy Cell;  
 Thy Cell, by the Mountain so lone,  
 Where, while bleak blows the whistling Wind,  
 I will mix with the Blast my sad Moan,  
 With the Blast, than ELIZA more Kind.

All frantic and wild let me fly,  
 Let me fly to some desolate Spot,  
 Where in Peace I may languish and die,  
 Where my Memory may soon be forgot;

M

Where

Where my green Turf may flourish unknown,  
 Nor one Tear o'er my cold Corpse be shed ;  
 Nor one Plaint—save the Nightingale's Moan,  
 That shall warble my Sorrows when dead.

Ah ! wherefore, to poison our Joy,  
 Should *Affection* with *Jealousy* join ?  
 Would too soon the sweet Luxery cloy,  
 Did not thus the two Passions combine ?  
 Poor Wretch ! how I pity his Woes,  
 Who yet *doats on*—yet *doubts* of his Fair ;  
 None—none know what he undergoes ;  
 'Tis an Agony past all Compare.

Heaven knows I would give all I have,  
 ( And I would it were ten times as much )  
 To be thought but her poor faithful Slave ;  
 Yet I may not be reckon'd as such.  
 Then should Grief in her Bosom appear,  
 Or gay Joy flutter round her fond Heart ;  
 For the one, I would shed a soft Tear,  
 For the other, forget all my Smart.

O ye Scenes! which delight now no more,  
 And thou Grove! mid whose Shades I've oft mus'd,  
 Ye can never *my* Quiet restore!  
 Believe me—I've much been abus'd.  
 This poor Heart—and I speak it with Pain,  
 That would die for the fair faithless Maid,  
 Has conceal'd all its Sorrows in vain,  
 For ELIZA my Love has betray'd.

*Inconstant!*—I fly from thy Arms;  
*Inconstant?*—I loath the vile Sound.  
 She is *true*— but alafs! she *has* Charms,  
 And her Charms do her Constancy wound.  
 Would to Heaven I was freed from my Pain!  
 Yet I feel—tho' I cannot tell *why*—  
 I should wish for my Torture again;  
 Should again hail the Heart-rending Sigh.

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SONNET

## S O N N E T,

ON REVISITING —

AFTER THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

YE smiling Meads! where erft, in Transport sweet,  
 Your *well-known* Paths full many a Time I've sought;  
 Thou conscious Grove! beneath whose lone Retreat  
 Musing I've loiter'd, wrap'd in tenderest Thought;  
 Alas! how vain your Charms!—your Beauties *now* are  
 Nought.

What though the Sun his all-reviving Ray  
 Darts 'mid your Haunts!—what though your Bowers among  
 Warbling her Griefs in many a plaintive Lay,  
 Sweet Philomel awakes the *Evening* Song;  
 Yet fade those dear Delights!—those *once-lov'd* Scenes decay!

ELIZA's gone!—her Urn the nightly Tear  
 Of fond Affection drinks—her Shade requires,  
 Sad pleasing Task! this melancholly Care;  
 And every *genial* Hope, with *Her* alas! expires.

SONNET

## SONNET to the LYRE of PETRARCH.

O H Lyre Divine! whose plaintive Sounds so oft  
 Have drawn, in heavenly Warblings, from their Sphere  
 Th' Angellic Choir, attentive still to hear  
 Mid Bowers Elysian—Numbers still so soft:  
 Oh! if to *me* thou would'st one Strain impart  
 Of that Seraphic Harmony, which erst  
 By purest Love in Vales Valclusian nurst,  
 Pour'd its sweet Languor through the melting Heart ;  
 Where with his LAURA, PETRARCH 'wont to stray  
 Enraptur'd, feasting on her every Smile ;  
 Her Smile, that beam'd fresh Lustre on the Day,  
 And, vers'd full well, the Circling Hours did guile :

Oh! if to *me* one Touch like *his* thou'dst deign,  
 Then should ELIZA dear a *second* LAURA reign.

## SONNET to the Woods.

AH happy Fields! where once in *earlier Years*,  
 Ere cruel *Death* had dimm'd the brightest *Eye*  
 That ever pierc'd a Heart—e'er pleasing *Cares*,  
 Or snatch'd a *Tear*, or ask'd a doubtful *Sigh*:  
 Ah happy Fields! where once I loitering stray'd,  
 A poor *Indifferent!* void of *Hope* or *Fear*;  
 Nor holding ought than *selfish Peace* more dear,  
 Curs'd *Peace*! in *Philosophic Garb* array'd;  
 But when, with every *Grace* the *Mind* can prove,  
 With every *Charm* that *Beauty* can inspire,  
 I felt the sweet, tormenting, fond *Desire*,  
 And glow'd with all the Warmth of tenderest *Love*;

Ah then! that treacherous *Peace* my *Breast* forsook,  
 And fair *ELIZA's Glance*, my rash *Heart* Captive took.

SONNET

## SONNET to the Woods.

O H Woods! I come again your Paths to trace,  
 Again my former, fond Haunts to explore ;  
 Oh Woods! your lovely Wanderer is no more !  
*She* who was wont your fairy Bowers to Grace,  
 She is no more!—yet may not Time erase  
 From my lorn Heart her precious Memory ;  
 For she was *good as fair*, and cannot die ;  
 Nathless what Time meek Twilight doth embrace  
 Her humid Sister, will I sorrowing bend  
 To your lone Borders my devoted Feet,  
 And mid, Oh Woods! your once belov'd Retreat,  
 I'll set me down, and many a deep Sigh send :

While on the bleeding Bark of every Tree,  
 ELIZA's spotless Name—long, long preserv'd shall be,

SONNET

## SONNET on NIGHT.

NOW ghastly Spectres wove in Fancy's Loom,  
 And nurs'd by Superstition meet my Sight;  
 Hush'd is each busy Scene—'tis one dread Gloom!  
 Ev'n Nature's Self lies hid 'mid Shades of Night;  
 Thro' opening Skies 'ydarts the paly Light,  
 Whilst far-off heard from some dismantled Tower,  
 The hooting Owl *panics* the silent Hour,  
 And hoary Time flow-circling tells his Flight .

Now o'er the Desert Heath the Wanderer strays  
 Fearful, and ignorant of his destin'd Way,  
 As anxious, oft in fondly-fiction'd Gaze,  
 He views the infant Group of Yesterday ;  
 Their little Sighs in each low Breeze he hears,  
 And feels in each soft Shower, their honest Tears.

F I N I S.

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